I Fear Nothing

O my Jesus,
Despite the deep night
That is all around me
And the dark clouds
Which hide the horizon,
I know that the sun
Never goes out.
O Lord,
Though I cannot
Comprehend You
And do not
Understand Your ways,
I nevertheless
TRUST
In your
MERCY. (73)

Drinking from the Chalice of His Will

My soul
Is now
Tottering
At the
Edge of eternity...

My thirsting soul
Is now
Drinking
The last—
Most bitter—
Drops
From the
Chalice of His will.

Joyce

Joyce Surman
Was received into the
Order of Carmelites Discalced Secular
(OCDS)
On September 19, 2009,
And consecrated with the name:

Immaculata Benedicta of the Cross
And The Will of God

Paths of Crosses

Our paths in this vale of tears
Are paved with crosses—
We go from cross to cross—
When one cross ends
Another begins—
The key to peace
Is two fold:

TRUST in God's MERCY
And
ABANDONMENT to the
WILL OF GOD
In all circumstances.

+Joyce

Inner Tabernacle

God dwells
In the
Inner tabernacle
Of
Your soul—
Seek Him There.

Joyce

When the weight of tbe crosses
Seems too heavy to bear—
And the storm is raging
And frightful bolts strike all around me---
And I then feel quite alone—
It is then that I surrender myself
Into his outstretched hands,
Living in TRUST and in HOPE
In His MERCY and LOVE.

Beauty and Joy

Suffering
Leads
The
Soul
To
Discover
That
The
Only
Beauty
And
Joy
Possible
In
This
Vale
Of
Tears
Is
Found
In
God
Alone.

Joyce

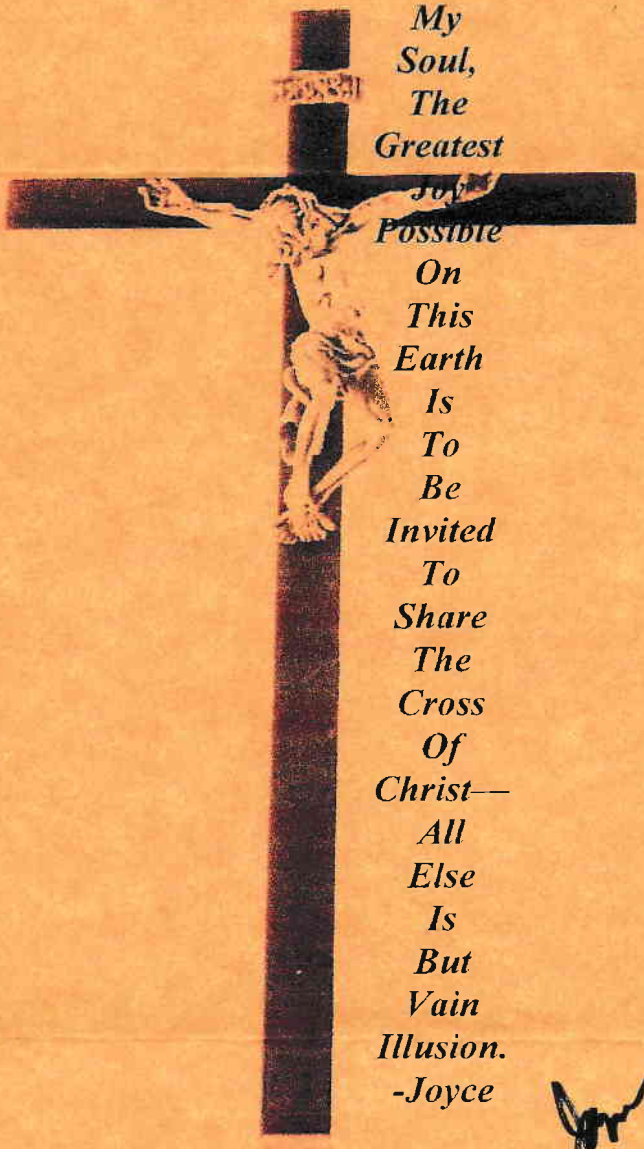
Affirmations
For a time
Of pain:

+++

I pray
for the
strength
to drink
the bitter cup
to the
very last drop.
And
That
The
Sword of suffering
Not
crush me.

+++

The Greatest Joy



O
My
Soul,
The
Greatest
Joy
Possible
On
This
Earth
Is
To
Be
Invited
To
Share
The
Cross
Of
Christ--
All
Else
Is
But
Vain
Illusion.
-Joyce

Transcendent Peace

Surrender
To the
Will of God
In all
Circumstances—
Trusting
In His
Mercy
And
Love—
And
Your soul
Will
Know
Transcendent
Peace.

++++

Fixing My Gaze Upon the Cross

"In difficult moments,
I will fix my gaze
Upon the silent heart of Jesus,
Stretched upon the cross,
And from the exploding flames
Of His merciful heart,
Will flow down upon me,
Power and strength,
To keep fighting."
(Diary)

A Christic Flame

Into
The Darkness
Of
My
Pain and suffering,
You
Shine
The
Flame
Of
Christ's
Light
And
Love.

Christmas blessings!

Joyce

The Roadways of Life

Along
The roadways
Of
Life—
Let
Us
Do
The
Will of God—
No
Matter
How
Difficult
Or
Easy.

Joyce

To: Father Jack O'Kane

Thank you
For
Showering
On
My
Soul
The
Graces
Of
Christ's
Presence.

Though
There
Is
An
Inundation
Of .....
Suffering,
My
Soul
Is
Strengthened
Knowing
That
His
Cross
Is
The
Still point
In
The
Raging
Tempests.

Wishing you a most blessed Easter!

Joyce Surman

To Shirley:

Thank you
For
The
Grace
Of
Your
Kindness.

God bless you!

Joyce

Grace-filled Moments:

During these difficult trials, my Dear Friend, let me share with you a time of transformation in Christ that I experienced in my soul at a moment dark with grief. Perhaps, a light will shine making the darkness less so for your soul as well.

One morning, as I was cleaning a gaping bed sore on my father's hip which had rotted his flesh to the bone, I shook my fist menacingly upwards. I hurled harsh words into the vacancy of the early morning light.

"God, I thought you were a God of mercy! Where, oh WHERE, is your mercy in the wretched horror of my Father's misery?"

I then heard a voice, almost a silent whisper, in my soul:
"I, Christ, am looking at you, my child, from the depths of His rotting flesh! This wound is a Bethany. It is a manger where I am born anew each moment that your eyes peer into its caverns!"

"Every time you approach this bed, your soul is at Mass. The bed is my altar; your father's corpse is being united to my sacrificial offering through the consecration of suffering"

From that moment forth, my soul was transformed by this truth of His presence. I never again raised a clenched fist at the incomprehensibility of God's designs. Instead, I would bow in total submission to His will, and, gently folding my hands in prayer, offered psalms of thanksgiving for the mercies of His grace.

And so, my father and I celebrated many Masses during the day and throughout the endless nights during those grace-filled years.

Christ never comes to a soul without an invitation to follow Him and to share in the passion of His way of the cross.
Through His passion, our souls receive nourishment and are strengthened to go forward to the eternal reality of the resurrection where "all tears will be wiped away" and all earthly sorrows be no more.

Listen, My Friend, to His whispers in your soul,
"Come, follow me....."...knowing that you are never alone. "I am with you until the end of time! "

In the graces of a suffering soul,
Joyce

Suffering into Love

In the messianic
Program of Christ,
Which is at the same time
The program of the kingdom of God,
Suffering is present in the world
In order to release love,
In order to give birth
To works of love
Toward neighbor,
In order to transform
The whole of human civilization
Into a "civilization of love."

Thank you for your kindness.

In His love and mercy,
Joyce

Today's Meditation

"By accepting the sufferings 'offered' by life and allowed by God for our progress and purification, we spare ourselves much harder ones. We need to develop this kind of realism and, once and for all, stop dreaming of a life without suffering or conflict. That is the life of heaven, not earth. We must take up our cross and follow Christ courageously every day; the bitterness of that cross will sooner or later be transformed into sweetness."
—Fr. Jacques Philippe, p. 49

Interior Freedom

Parkinson's at Calvary

Credo:
Jesus: "Fear nothing! I am with you always!"
My soul: "Jesus, I TRUST in you! Have MERCY on me!"
"Thy will be done!"

Abandonment to Divine Providence.
Surrender to the will of God in all things.

"O living flame of love, Jesus crucified, light my way"
"Jesus Crucified, be my strength this day!"

+++

Drinking the Cup of Bitterness
To the Last Drop:

VISION- BLURRED (increases as day progresses)
Upper abdomen severe discomfort: always, and more so after eating or drinking (even very small amounts)
Intestines: twisted
Paralysis: stomach, intestines, anal-rectal muscles
Tremors: internal and external
Paralysis: freezing of gait
Dyskinesia: lack of muscle coordination
Bradykinesia: slowness of movement
Throat muscles: Tightening
Bowels: severe dysfunction. Need to insert a Ducolax stimulant suppository upon arising.
Restless leg syndrome
Back collapse:CURVATURE
Tarlov cysts, bone spurs, degenerated disks
Bouts of dizziness: eyes lose focus
Balance compromised
Urinary incontinence (nocturia)
Extreme, debilitating fatigue
Mental fogginess; lack of mental focus

+++

Meditations on Suffering

O Light Eternal,
Who come to this earth,
Enlighten my mind
And strengthen my will
That I may not give up
In time of great affliction.
May your light
Dissipate all the shadows of doubt.
May your omnipotence
Act through me.
I trust in You,
O uncreated Light!
(830)

O my Jesus,
Give me strength
To endure suffering
So that I may not make a wry face
When I drink the cup of bitterness.
(1740)

My Jesus,
Support me
When difficult
And stormy days come,
Days of testing
Days of ordeal,
When suffering and fatigue
Begin to oppress
My body and my soul.
Sustain me, Jesus,
And
Give me strength
To bear suffering.
(1065)

Dear Sammy,

I wish
to
Thank you
for
Reflecting
the
Light and love
of
Christ
in
the
Darkness
of
My
Pain
and
Suffering.

May God bless you and your loved ones,

Providential Surrender:
Into the Mystery

Let us TRUST in His MERCY
Living in total SURRENDER
To the providential designs
Of the MYSTERY
Of His DIVINE WILL.

Words
Written by a soul
While drinking the cup
To the
Last drop.

Trusting in His Will

Though my soul is stretched out on the wood of the cross,
The mysterious power of God
Strengthens and supports me
And gives me courage to go forward
With firm trust in His will,
Which is love and mercy itself.

Tenderly,
Joyce

To Dr. Allan Davis:

Suffering into Love

In the messianic
Program of Christ,
Which is at the same time
The program of the kingdom of God,
Suffering is present in the world
In order to release love,
In order to give birth
To works of love
Toward neighbor,
In order to transform
The whole of human civilization
Into a "civilization of love."

Thank you for your kindness.

In His love and mercy,
Joyce Surman

Suffering is the sign thatchrist is withyou
Passion ofchrist—light andstngth
Will of god food nourishment

Make the will of god yoyr food
Draw strength and lightfromhis pasion

Thankyou or beingfor me a pillar oflightand love
Alonghe path of my via c
Dolorosa

Lovinglysubmittothe willof godin all circumsranxes drustingin his mercy

Pain
Sings
A
Song
Of
Silence:
The
Refrain
Of
My
Soul
Is
Prayer.

A Christic Flame

Into
The Darkness
Of
My
Pain and suffering,
You
Shine
The
Flame
Of
Christ's
Light
And
Love.

Christmas blessings!

Joyce

Dennis, I know you are in pain with your injured rib. I wrap you in a mantel of prayer.

Pain
Sings
A
Song
Of
Silence:
The
Refrain
Of
My
Soul
Is
Prayer.

Blessings!
Joyce

Where there is misery, show mercy
Where there is suffering, show compassion
Darkness is trnaformed into light

The past is no more
The future is yet to be
The present moment is all:
Live in the present moment
Detached from memories.

Trusting in His Will

Though my soul is stretched
On the wood of the cross,
The mysterious power of God
Strengthens and supports me
And gives me courage
To go forward
With firm trust
In His will—
Which is love and mercy itself.

Tenderly in His love,

Joyce

To Jim Davis:
(On a candle lit
In my soul)

A Flickering Flame

Though my soul
Is stretched out
On the wood of the cross,
And all around me
Is terror and wilderness,
A flame flickers
A prayer—
Strengthening and supporting me—
By the mysterious presence of Christ.

Let us TRUST in His MERCY
And live in total SURRENDER
To the providential designs
Of the mystery of His DIVINE WILL.

In His Mercy and love,

Joyce Surman
(a soul drinking the bitter cup
To the last drop.

To:
Nicole Stack R.N.

May the eyes of your soul
See each patient
As a suffering Christ,
And
May each see you
As His
Compassionate heart.

Congratulations!

Joyce

Providential surrender:
Into the mystery

Let us trust in his mercy
And live in total surrender
To the provideneial designs
Of the mystery of his divine will.

Written by a soul while drinking the cup to the last drop

Providenrial mosaic of his truth foryour soul

In A Fire of Silence

In the depths of my soul.
God dwells.
Peace and equanimity
Flow from this truth.
All is consumed now
In a fire of His
Silence.

The Greatest Treasure:
Your Suffering

Suffering purifies the soul,
Emptying it of all but God Alone
And His Holy Will.

TRUST in His will,
Which is LOVE and MERCY itself.

From the perspective
Of a greater reality—
Eternity—
The soul sees
That every adversity
Fits perfectly into
The mosaic of His truth.

O
My
Soul,
From the perspective of a greater realiy—eternity—the soulwill see that eery adversityfits perfectly into the mosaic of his trth.

To a Fluttering Tear
(Upon seeing a tear flutter from Eleanor's eye)

A tear
Fluttered
From the
Orb of her eye—
Like
A leaf
Fluttering
From the
Sky of her woe—
It fell
Into my soul.
And n ow
I kneel
Before it—
In silence and
In awe—
For I know
Christ is near—
Christ is here—
In this--
Her crystal tear--
That
Fluttered
Into
The cup of my soul---
To be offered
Back to God
In a
Flood of prayers.

Transfigured Cosmos

O
My
Soul,
The
Suffering
Soul
Lives
In
A
Transfigured
Cosmos—
Detached
From
All
Earthly
Concerns,
In
A
State
Of
Abandonment
To
The
Will
Of
God—
Enshrined
In
The
Divine
Infinity
Of
Christ's
Light,
Love
And
Peace.

Trusting in His Will

Though my soul is stretched out on the wood of the cross,
The mysterious power of God
Strengthens and supports me
And gives me courage to go forward
With firm trust in His will,
Which is love and mercy itself.

Tenderly,
Joyce

To
Father Jack,
A Pillar of Light:

"They
Are
Pillars of Light
Along
God's
Ways:
They
Live
In
Light
Themselves
And
Shed
Light
Upon
Others."

(Diary of St. Faustina,
Book II, 838)

Thank you for shining Christ's light
Into the depths of my soul--
Strengthening my faltering steps.
In its ascent to Eternal Love.

Tenderly in His love and mercy,

Joyce Surman

Christ passing by,
Stopped by me...

I met a saint
On the
Road to Calvary.
His name is Dennis.
He was a construction worker of sorts.
At least it seemed so at the start.
But then on closer look
The eyes of my soul
Saw him for what he is:
Christ passing by—
Stopping—
Smiling—
Lifting me up—
To face
With his courage and strength
The sorrows
That played
In the
Shadows of my soul...
And
By his presence,
Making me whole.

November 22, 2015

The Solemnity of
Our Lord Jesus Christ
King of the Universe

Joyce Surman
25 Winthrop Drive
Manalapan, NJ 07726

To Father John Paul,

A Tabernacle of Tears:
Sparks of a Soul

"Jesus Wept."
(John 11:35)

I am a seventy-one year old lady, home bound, living alone with the Alone, who has been blessed with Parkinson's disease. In the terrible terror of the months following diagnosis, I lived in benumbed incredulity. The disparity between what I was and the predictive inevitability of what I was becoming, shrouded every moment of prayer.

My soul was crushed in a universe of interrogatives: Why? Why this particular cross? Anything but this one! Why even continue to live?

I felt my soul
being pushed
to the precipice
of nothingness.

My soul
was consumed
in a holocaust
of fear.

All that defined me was mercilessly being transformed into a vast pyre of dry twigs to which a hand unbeknownst to me was striking a match, setting all aflame.

My soul
Ignited
into an immense
conflagration.

My soul was scorched.
"Corpses" lay all around me:
"Corpses" of hopes.
"Corpses" of dreams.
"Corpses" of all that was to be.

My soul
was stripped
to a nakedness
clothed
in the scarlet robes
of terror.

My soul could surrender,
be consumed,
and embrace annihilation,
or it could arise from the ashes
like a Pelican
or soar
on eagle's wings aloft
beyond the skies of my pain
and the paralysis of bewilderment.

Perhaps my soul was being invited to both a

surrendering
and a
consummation.

Each tear then became an icon of the crucifixion:

a surrender
to the Father's will
and a
"consummatum est"
of the final benediction.

The EWTN Mass became my soul's still point; your homilies the fulcrum upon which my soul found a harbor of equanimity. When my soul grasped for meaning, it found food for

its sustenance at the table of your words. In the darkness, your reverent celebration of Mass led my soul to see the Light of His truth shining in the present moment.

The Mass
Became
the port
of my pain.

As tears so frequently overflowed my eyes, "becoming my bread by day and night" (Ps 42), I was drawn repeatedly to the shortest verse in scripture: "Jesus wept!" (John 11:35)

I began to see that the tears of Christ were stretching into the infinite caverns of my soul.
They are sparks
of pure divine light.

I saw
in the
chapel of my soul
a brilliant tabernacle
of crystal tears
like tiny consecrated Eucharists
falling
falling
from His
weeping eyes.

Each tear became for me food for prayer.
My soul fed at the banquet of Weeping Tears.

Now, the tears of Christ became for my soul, not only a transcendent mystery, but also a perfect way of prayer. In my loneliness and terror, my soul now found Christ where He had not been before visible.

My soul
now was Led
to journey

to the heart
of prayer
in the
cargo ship
of a
fragile tear.

Tears became
sparks of my soul
longing in travail
for the infinite.

Each tear
Became for my
tormented soul
a passing shadow
of eternity.

In other moments,
my tears
seemed to become
living icons
of the heart
of Christ.

Arising
on the pinions
of my soul,
I nested
in His cries.

In the torment
of the night,
the tears
of my soul
became
the emanation
of His divine splendor.

The night was no more;

instead it was transfigured
by a darkness that is bright.

Cresting
in the ascension
of His refulgent light.

After a period of several months, I started to have "new eyes" to see my afflictions as gifts of His mercy and love. After months of "blindness", He gave me sight!

My soul
began to see
the entire universe
through the tears of Christ.

Everywhere
the eyes of my soul
turned,
all was seen
as transfigured
when seen
through the lens
of His tears.

Rather than images being distorted,
all became bathed
in a crystal clarity,
a purity shone forth
from the center of things.

My soul saw
the lucidity of sorrow.
My soul saw through
the opacity of pain.
The eyes of my soul beheld
the horizon of truth
hidden beneath
the anguish of screams.

The ears of my soul
listened to tears
falling all around.

My soul heard His voice
in every tear:

here,
there
and everywhere.

He whispers
Everywhere
where there is fear.

In every tear,
the ears of my soul heard
"Follow me!"

God is everywhere
His abode is in every tear.

Tears are the radiance of His garment.

Touch the hem of a tear
and the power of faith
pours forth
with its healing balm
of superabundant graces.

"Who is it that has touched me?"
"It is I, Lord, a fragile tear, a spark of my soul!"
"Touch then and be made whole",
He said.

In my soul there is born
an apocalypse of joy.

My soul now sees tears are sacred.

Tears
Are
Sparks
of a soul.

Each tear
is a tiny chapel
in which
He weeps.

In the eternal silence
of a tear,
my soul
sings a melody
of His presence,
of His peace.

My soul now has become a vagabond of tears,

a hobo
riding
a cargo ship
to the frontiers
of eternity.

All the tears
Collected
in my soul's sack,
continuously pour
into the golden chalice
of His mercy:
sacrificial offerings
To a God who weeps
in the Tabernacles of
every soul.

Our souls are surrounded by a symphony of tears.

A sermon in a tear.
Tears of living flames of His love.
Tears stained scarlet with His drops of blood.
Fiat tears: "Thy will be done!"

Each tear a resounding thunderous echo:

"I thirst!"

When a soul
sees the world through
the weeping eyes of Christ,
it stands atop Mt. Tabor.
All becomes transfiguration.

My soul discovered

**in the "weeping Christ"
the entire Gospel
written in tears:
of faith,
of hope,
and of love.**

**The tears of Christ are my tears.
The tears of Christ are your tears.
The tears of Christ are the world's tears.**

**Christ weeps in us,
with us,
and for us.
We never weep alone.**

**For in the weeping Christ
we live
and move
and have our being.**

**All tears flow
Flooding the plains
Of our souls
into the vast ocean
of His mercy.**

**When my soul
sees the world
through the tears of Christ,
it hears a requiem
sung by sorrow.**

**Sorrow
forges a soul
to perfection
in a tear
whose center
is Hope.**

Your homilies and devout reverential celebration of Mass have been blessings on my journey to finding peace in God's will.

Enclosed is a gift of a tear, a spark of my soul—a tear that touches the frontiers of eternity. It is a tear offered in thanksgiving, joy and gratitude for the abundant graces of your priesthood.

Please pray for me as I continue to pray for you.

In the tears of Christ,

Joyce Surman

November 18, 2015

Joyce Surman
25 Winthrop Drive
Manalapan, NJ 07726
jasurman@optonline.net

Dear Father John Paul,

I am a 71 year old woman, blessed with the "gift" of Parkinson's Disease. In the terrible terror of the months following diagnosis, I lived in benumbed incredulity. The disparity between what I was and what I was becoming, shrouded every moment of prayer.

The EWTN Mass became the pivot of each day, along with the Divine Office and rosary. When my body seemed too frail or frightened to breathe one more breath, I began to "breathe" prayer.

As tears so frequently overflowed my eyes, I was drawn repeated to the shortest verse in scripture: "Jesus wept!" (John 11:35)

The tears of Christ became for me a transcendent mystery. In my loneliness and terror, I found Christ in a tear.

Tears are sparks of a soul that longs for the infinite. Each tear became for my troubled soul a shadow of eternity. In other moments, my tears seemed to become living icons of the heart of Christ.

In the tossings of the night, my tears became the emanation of His divine splendor.
Over time, I started to hve "new eyes" to see my afflictions as gifts of His mercy and love. After months of "blindness", He gave me "to see"!

I began to see the entire universe through the tears of Christ. Everywhere I looked all became transfigured throough the lens of His tears. Rather than images being distorted, all was bathed in a crystal clarity. I saw the lucidity of sorrow. I saw the through opacity of pain. My eyes beheld the horizon of truth hidden beneath the anguish of....

Screams.

Your homilies and devout reverential delebrtiion of Mass and thoughtful homilies has been blessings on my journey to finding peace in God's will.

Enclosed is a spark of my soul—a tear of thanksgiving, of joy and gratitude for the graces of your priesthood.

Tears became my prayers—a way of praying ceaselessly.
--like incense rising to the throne of God.

Ii hear the cries of the universe in tears.
Acoustics of tears
A symphony of tears

To see the world through His tears

Is 5:4-3
Treasures of darkness

Light of the cross
Lamp of Christ
Passing vanity of all earthly things
Splendor of a human soul
Suffering gives light to the eyes to see

CH - 28.43
R - 21.13

In the Old Testament of the Bible, the notion of collecting tears in a bottle appears in Psalm 56:8 when David prays to God, "Thou tellest my wanderings, put thou my tears in Thy bottle; are they not in Thy Book?" David's words remind us that God keeps a record of human pain and suffering and always remembers our sorrows.

When the soul is in the shadows of Gethsemane,
All alone in the bitterness of pain,
It ascends toward the heights of Jesus,
And though ever drinking bitterness—it is not sad.

When the soul does the will of the Most High God,
Even amidst constant pain and torments,
Having pressed its lips to the chalice proferred,
It becomes mighty, and nothing will daunt it.

Though tortured, it repeats: Your will be done.
Patiently awaiting the moment of transfiguration,
For, though in deepest darkness, it hears the voice of
Jesus: You are Mine.
And this it will know fully when the veil falls.
(Diary, entry 995)

To: Rose,
The mother of a saint.

I pray
That the light of Christ
Enflame your soul
This Christmastide—
Like the splendor
Of a dewdrop
Hidden
In the petals
Of a rose.

My soul
Embraces you
With the
Warmth
And light
Of Christ's love.

Joyce

For Ava:

A Communion of Blessings

Ava

Kristan

George

Rose

Cammy

Dennis III

Dennis IV

Stephanie

Nicole(Anthony)

Thanksgiving Blessings

To Eleanor,
who shines
with the splendor
of His light--
Thank you
for being
a "living sacrament"
of Christ's love
by walking
with me
along the way
of My "Via Dolorsosa".

Hilda: A Pillar of Light

"They
Are
Pillars of Light
Along
God's
Ways:
They
Live
In
Light
Themselves
And
Shed
Light
Upon
Others."

Diary
Book II (838)

Thank you for shining light along my path.

Joyce Surman
("The leady with the hat"!)

"The light shines in the darkness/
And the darkness has not overcome it."
John 5

To Sammy and Family:
Pillars of Light
In a World of Darkness.

There are people
Who are pillars of light
Along God's way.

They live in His light
And shed His light
upon others that they meet.

As my physical body crumbles
under the weight of Parkinson's,
The radiance of His light
that you have shone on my soul
By your act of kindness
Will lead me to His eternal abode.

From my soul's harbor above,
I will then pray for the grace
to shed light on your paths
As you journey
in trustful surrender
to His providence for you.

Thank you for shining a light along my path.

Tenderly in the light and love of Christ,

Joyce Surman
(What a beautiful young lady is your daughter! The sweetness of her joy in helping shovel the snow moved me deeply! Her eyes sparkled with gentle kindness. You are blessed with her beauty of soul.)

"Jesus, I trust in you!"
St. Faustina

My Credo

Jesus: Fear nothing; I am with you always!
Soul: Jesus, I trust you! Have mercy on me!

Credo: I live in total submission to the will of God, which is love and mercy itself!

In Gethsemane

When the soul is in the shadows of Gethsemane,
All alone in the bitterness of pain,
It ascends towards the heights of Jesus,
And though ever drinking bitterness—it is not sad.

When the soul does the will of the Most High God,
Even amidst constant pain and torments,
Having pressed its lips to the chalice proferred,
It becomes mighty, and nothing will daunt it.

Though tortured it repeats: Your will be done.
Patiently awaiting the moment of transfiguration,
For, though in deepest darkness, it hears the voice of
Jesus: You are mine.
And this it will know fully when the veil falls.
(Faustina, Diary-995)

Nailed to the Cross

Although it is not easy to live in constant agony,
To be nailed to the cross of various pains,
Still, I am inflamed with love by loving,
And, like a Seraph I love God, though I am but
Weakness.

Oh, great is the soul, midst suffering,
Stands faithfully by God and does His will
And remains uncomforted midst rainbows
And storms,
For God's pure love sweetens her fate.

It is no great thing to love God in prosperity
And thank Him when all goes well,
But rather to adore Him midst great adversities
And love Him for His own sake and place one's hope in
Him.
(Faustina, Diary-995)

To My Carmelite Sister, Eleanor,
Of the Sacred Heart of Jesus:

Thank you
For being
An embodiment
Of His
Living flame of love.

Joyce

To Eleanor:
An Island of Light
Shining in a Sea of Darkness

Descending from the heights
To the shores of your soul,
Swept by the vast tides of eternity.
Love takes root in your soul
Like the heart of a flower.

A soul is but a tiny drop
Of luminosity itself,
But out the deepmost deeps,
His mysterious beauty shines.

The light in the lantern of your soul
Is a but a beam of His eternal light.
In this fathomless abyss of Divine resplendence
All tears flow into the wild waves of the sea,
An imprimatur of God's eternal image
Embraced in His Divine Scroll of Love.

Thank you for being for me His lantern of Hope, of Love, of Faith and Trust in His Divine Providence. In the darkness, you have revealed to me His presence of light when my tears flowed into the "wild waves of the sea".

Wishing you a birthday filled with His Light and Love,

Your friend in Christ,

Joyce

To My Dearest Friend, Harry:

The Infinity Bell

In the infinity of hope,
In the infinity of joy,
In the infinity of love,
In the infinity of sorrow,
In the infinity of trials,
In the infinity of despair,
Across the shores of silence—
Sound the bell, my dearest friend,
And embrace the mysterious beauty of eternity,
Where my soul now abides.

As you sound the bell,
Target the depths.
Let the shadows take flight,
As our souls sink together.
Sunk in a tiny drop of love infinite.

Let the sounding of the bell.
Melt all earthly cares into the silent deep--
Where brightness breathes on every side:
A single spark transforms into luminosity itself.
Encompassing this tiny spark within your soul--
You are no more--
You are by loving prayer embraced.

In such silence will my soul abide,
There—where all eternity awaits—
Dazzled by the darkness which is Light,
Until that moment when the sounding of the bell,
Beckons my soul to descend from the heights,
To the shores of your soul.

Pushing aside the terror of things,
Existence shrinks to a speck.

We become two pilgrims—
Walking hand in hand—
Held in the stillness of His outstretched hand--
United in that space called mystery.

In the ringing of the Infinity bell,
Our souls will meet,
And be ONE
In the ONENESS that is the:
I AM!

12/26/14

Two Abysses

The Cross of Christ
Is the Axis of the World.

The Abyss of hatred
Must be met with
The abyss of love.

The Abyss of suffering
Must be met with
The Abyss of hope.

The Abyss of Darkness
Must be met with
The Abyss of Light.

The Abyss of Doubt
Must be met with
The Abyss of Faith.

The Abyss of Weakness
Must be met with
The Abyss of Strength.

The Abyss of Sadness
Must be met with
The Abyss of Joy.

The Abyss of Fear
Must be met with
The Abyss of Coourage.

The Cross of Christ
Unites the two abysses.

The Transparent Soul

There are some people
Through whom I see
Christ Passing by
As if they were
Transparent beings.

Your acts of kindness,
In word and deed,
(Rays of His light
Emanating from your soul)
Testify to such
A shining transfiguration.

"Jesus is passing by"
And has stopped
At the Eboli of my soul.
The sacred silence
Of His presence,
Is the fertility
Of your Faith.

And when my soul
Leaves this earth
May I hear once more
The words of the Gospel:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by"
And the blind man in me
Shall see THEE.

Joyous Christmas Blessings!

12/14/14

The Eyes of Morning Dew

I know I have seen the Morning Dew,
That must have shone on the summit
Of radiant Mount Tabor.
It forms trembling pearls
In your luminous sapphire eyes.

Each small iridescent drop
Enshrines His face--
Like so many anchors of love
Tethered to the fragile bark of my soul,
Tossing on the stormy swells of fear.
These eternal beams of light,
Reveal His presence in the silence of your soul.

You have opened my blind eyes to see,
In the "doorway" of each day,
A woman--
Full of grace--
Radiant as the sun--
And on her head--
A diadem of Faith, Hope and Love.

Your many sacrificial offerings
Are a testimony that He is not asleep
In the Tiberius of my Soul.

Thank you for being the lantern of His grace,
And sowing the soil of my soul
With the seeds of ***faith, hope*** *and* ***love***—
The autumnal harvest of eternity.

In gratitude for showing to me,
This vagabond seeker of God,
The face of Christ.

August 12, 2018

Give me wings of an eagle, my God, to soar above the pain! The wings of my soul are drooping; the tempest engulfing me.

Suffering transfigures the topography of the soul. A vivid awareness that Christ is within, suffering with you, and IS you, transforms pain into joy.

Joy because suffering is a baptism into a new life. All that once made up the texture of a life is no more. It is replaced by the ever-present aroma of Christ's fragrance.

The movement is a drawing interiorly to the cross. It is the crucifixion of vanities that once consumed the soul. No longer weighed down by worldly things, the imprisoned soul's chains are torn asunder. The soul now clings to the crucified Christ alone.

A light is then kindled, so bright and unceasing, from the deep clefts of the soul that the darkness cannot overcome it.

This is what gives me strength to endure: the crucifix planted in the garden of my soul; the "flowers" of light that bloom, watered with prayers and tears.

A Soul's Dewdrop

Just as a
Dewdrop
Glistens
On the
Bloom
Of A
Morning rose,
So, too,
Glistens
The light of Christ,
Forth from
the
Dewdrop
Of your Soul.

Thank you for the flood of "dewdrops" that keep the fragile ship of my soul afloat!

In a dewdrop of His love,

Joyce

"When you become
True lovers of the Crucified,
You will always celebrate
The feast of the cross
In the inner temple of the soul,
Bearing all in silence
And not relying on any creature.
Since festivals ought
To be celebrated joyfully,
Those who love the Crucified
Should honor the feast of the cross
By enduring in silence
With a serene and joyful countenance,
So that their suffering
remains hidden from men
and is observed by God alone.
For in this feast
There is always a solemn banquet,
And the food presented is
The will of God,
Exemplified by the love
Of our crucified Christ."

From a letter by Saint Paul of the Cross, priest

"God forbid that I should boast
Except in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.
--Thorough it the world has been crucified to me,
And I to the world."

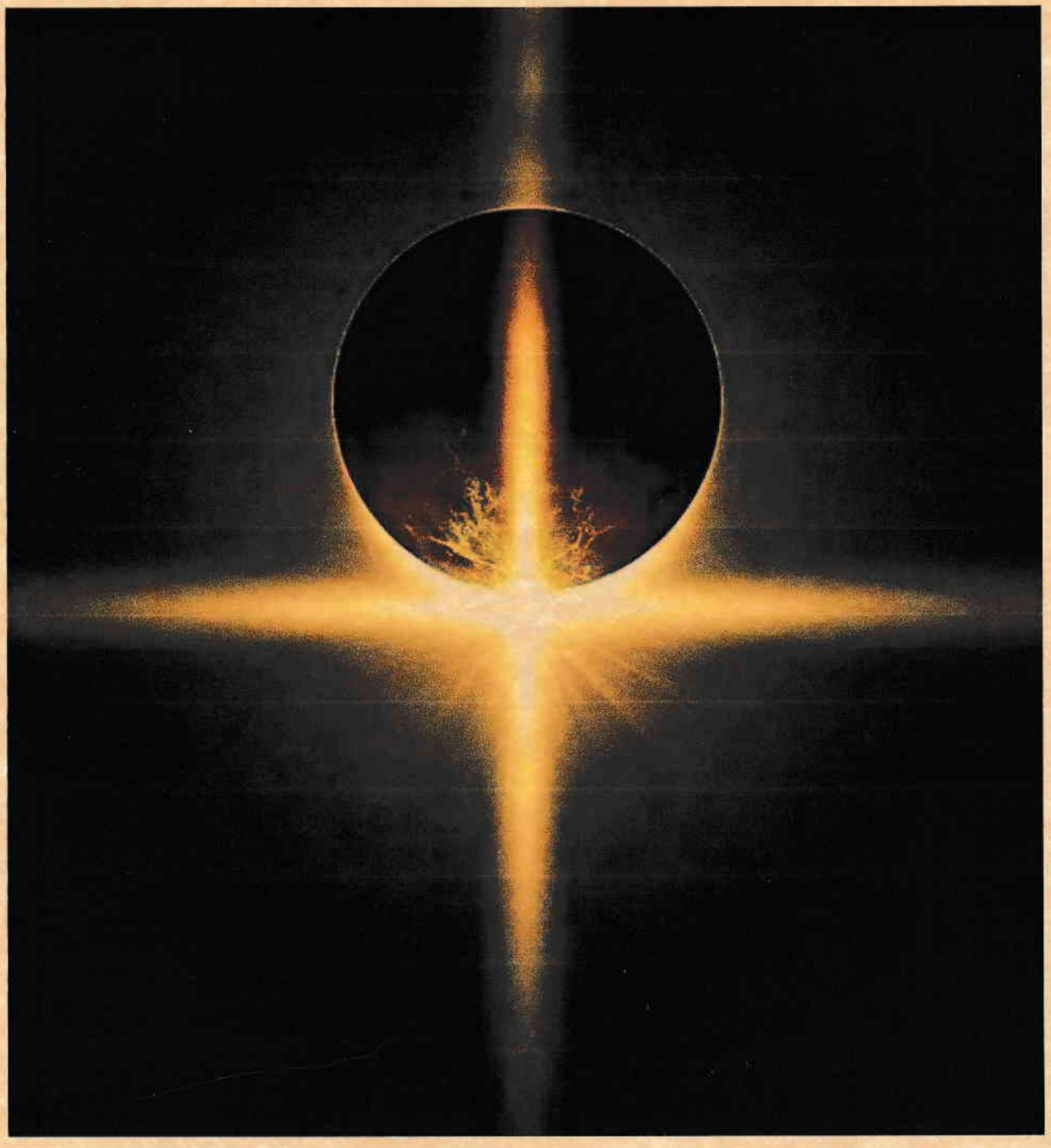
(Galatians 6:14)

"Live in such a way
That all may know
That you bear outwardly
As well as inwardly
The image of Christ crucified,
The model of all gentleness and mercy.
Conceal yourselves in Christ crucified
and hope for nothing
Except all be converted to His will."

From a letter by St. Paul of the Cross, priest

"The
source of peace
Is resignation
to the will of God
To do what is in our power
And leave the rest
to the care
of Divine Providence
And have the
confidence of a child
toward its best Mother."

St. Maxmillian M. Kolbe



Christ,
My Light

Joyce Ann Surman

Dear Harry,

During our conversation yesterday, I made mention of the intent on the part of a fundamentalist "Christian" to wage an argumentative victory in asserting his faith conviction.

At the same time, I have for several days, been pondering the invitation one of your fellow church members gave you relevant to prayer upon arising early.

I thought it might be insightful to share with you the journey and perspective I have chosen in leading a life of unceasing prayer.

The amplitude of a life totally surrendered to Christ in prayer is not, as some would, conceive, narrow or closed in upon itself.

On the contrary,
The expanse of each moment is graced
With the breath of eternity.

The straws to which I have clung in the past, as a pilgrim in search of the absolute, are all annihilated by the inevitability of death which awaits me. For the greater portion of my life, I was a "pilgrim" of literature, philosophy, theology, art, drama, film, music. These were the pivot points of my soul. These were the "straws" to which my soul clung.

Now, I feel
The holy hush of death
Descending on my soul.
And have realized
That a reordering
Of perspective
Is required.

As I dive deeply
Into the seas of my soul,
I discover that prayer
Is the artifice of eternity
And even more so,
Is silence the flame of grace.

It is in prayer
That the infinite depths
Of the presence of eternity
Are revealed.

Prayer
Keeps my mind fixed
Through which my soul
Will soon pass.

To Eleanor:
An Island of Light
Shining in a Sea of Darkness

Descending from the heights
To the shores of your soul,
Swept by the vast tides of eternity.
Love takes root in your soul
Like the heart of a flower.

A soul is but a tiny drop
Of luminosity itself,
But out the deepmost deeps,
His mysterious beauty shines.

The light in the lantern of your soul
Is a but a beam of His eternal light.
In this fathomless abyss of Divine resplendence
All tears flow into the wild waves of the sea,
They become imprimatur of God's eternal image
Embraced in His Divine Scroll of Love.

Thank you for being for me His lantern of Hope, of Love, of Faith and Trust in His Divine Providence. In the darkness, you have revealed to me His presence of light when my tears flowed into the "wild waves of the sea".

Wishing you a birthday filled with His Light and Love,

Your friend in Christ,

Joyce

Good morning, Steve:

In the event we are unable to converse via phone this afternoon, the following are salient points that, according to Dr. Maldonado, one needs to consider before initiating the Mucuna protocol.

First and foremost, I encourage you to purchase his book. I have not read his work since studying it about a year ago. I cannot presently review the book for you as other issues require my focused attention/interest.

Some points that merit concern:
l. M repeatedly emphasizes that "Mucuna is a drug" (sic) and needs to be assessed from that perspective.
2. Anyone taking Mucuna MUST be monitored by a neurologist, as well as a medical doctor.
3. Mucuna is not a preventative, i.e., it does not delay the onset of symptoms, nor does it lessen the severity when symptoms arise.
4. It should be used ONLY after a PD diagnosis has been made.
5. When implemented, the protocol indicates titration from an absolute minimum dosage—then over the course of a sustained period of time, gradual, incremental increases. Maximum dosage, to symptom relief (or, at best, mitigation) is relative to the individual patient and/or stage of disease progression.

I chose to discontinue the protocol after extensive research led me to conclude that Mucuna, though a "natural" alternative, does carry risks. Withdrawal must be gradual and is compared to withdrawal from heroin.

The only "natural" method to slow PD progression and mitigate symptoms is exercise.

My research has led me to speculate that PD has a strong genetic component. I have chosen not to subject myself to the pharmacological merry-go-round that is PD meds.

A note of optimism: The cure for PD is on the horizon. Implantation of stem cells directly into the Substantia Nigra have shown promising results in regenerating/producing dopamine neurons.

I am expecting several former students to visit me over this holiday weekend. If I cannot return your call, I will do so at my earliest opportunity.

I continue to be a member of the Fuhrman forum as my fee is grandfathered to initial, minimal amount. However, I infrequently peruse the forums. I no longer adhere to the ETL approach and have also re-examined my once high regard for Dr. Fuhrman.

One cannot fail to notice a significant disenchantment by a substantial number of original members.

I wish you and your family a restful weekend and rewarding school year.

Just an aside: My soul has been inebriated with the music of Arvo Paart. "Tabula Rasa" and "Cantus", among the entire oeuvre available on CD's. His spirituality—Hesychasm—mirrors my journey to the light of Christ as well. As a musician, how would you assess Arvo's merit?

I find peace amidst the tempest of PD by total surrender to the will of God.

Joyce

GOD grant
me the
Serenity
to accept
the things
I cannot
change; the
Courage
to change
the things
I can;
and the
Wisdom
to know
the
difference.

PRAYER OF ST. TERESA

has no
body now
on earth but yours,
no hands but yours,
no feet but yours.

* * *

Yours are the
eyes through
which must look
out Christ's
compassion on
the world.

* * *

Yours are the
feet with which
He is to go about
doing good.

* * *

Yours are the
hands with which
He is to bless
men now.

To Dennis Stack and Family:

John Paul II has written
that next to every suffering soul
is a beating heart of love—Christ.

Thank you for being
my "beating heart of Love."

Joyce

…"and His hand is stretched out still." Wisdom 10:4

…"all joy has reached its eventide." Isaiah 24:11

"Fear not, for I am with you…" Is 43:5

.."a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief…" Is 3

Wisdom 18:14
"For while gentle silence enveloped all things,
And night in its swift course was now half gone,
Thy all-powerful word leaped from heaven, from the royal throne,
Into the midst of the land that was doomed,
A stern warrior carrying the sharp sword of thy authentic command,
And stood and filled all things with death,
And touched heaven while standing on the earth.

Sirach 38:20
Do not give your heart to sorrow;
Drive it away, remembering the end of life.

Sirach 38:22
Remember my doom, for yours is like it:
Yesterday it was mine; and today it is yours.

Matthew:27:11
..and He made no answer.:

Luke: 24:38
"Why are you troubled and why do questionings rise in your hearts?"

I fight on the mtn

Hope
Is
The
Prism
Of all
Beauty
And all
Mystery
+++

Wisdom quote
Silence
Is
The
Prism

And the word was made flesh..

Of all
Mystery
And
Truth.

"he was silent.."

+++

Prisms of silences
(wisdom quote…)

Out of
The
Prisms
Of
Silence

(the word became flesh…)

All mystery
And
All truth
Is born.

(He was silent…)prism of silence is womb of mystery

The Inner Shrine:
A Hesychast
Psalter

By Joyce Ann Surman,
Pilgrim

"Lord Jesus Christ,

Son of God,

Have mercy on me."

"Lord, Jesus Christ,

Son of God,

Have mercy on me,

A sinner."

Love Untainted

The boat
of your
soul
now is in
harbor…
moored
to the
pier
of
His Peace.

The cargo
Of
Suffering
Sinks
my soul
Into the
Deeps
Of
His mercy.

In a union
Of peace and mercy,
Our souls
Forever
abide Tethered
In the
Bright sadness
Of eternal truth…
Love untainted.

Christmas Eve-2016

My soul is weighed down with the burden of illness. Around the edges of hope, fears thrust daggers, jagged wounds gaping despair.
The ability to walk has become difficult. The tremors have increased. Pain, bloating, dizziness besiege on all sides.
My soul cries out, nay screeches, to my God: I beg to be freed from this mortal coil.
The divine flame scorches my soul and His light leads me forth.
My soul is entirely consumed by a light that is so bright and radiant that the eyes of my soul are blinded. In the blindness is sight—the eye sees truth; all else is shadow and wisps of nothingness.

Dearest JoAnn:

"Kneeling in the Mists"

Through the mists
Of sorrow and suffering,
May the light of Christ

SHINE

Leading your soul
On the way
Of truth and beauty.

Touching Heaven

In

Silence

Solitude

And

Unceasing Prayer.

Your "Sister" in Christ,

Joyce Surman+

Oct 14 2014

My soul is in tatters today---all strength seeps out of the storage bin of hope. And yet, despite the waves of dizziness crashing against the jetties of my brain, something impels me forward. It is not "something" but someone—Christ!

O Living flame of love!
Jesus Crucified—
Lead thou me on!

+++++

Oct 15 2016

In my soul, the flame of prayer ignites a conflagration that burns away the fears that dance their macabre jig with increasing intensity and frenzied glee.

My physical body has become an illusion when viewed through the prism of my soul's eyes. The inner transcends the outer. It is toward that "inner" that my eyes now turn. The Divine Within has become my totality.

O living flame of love,
Jesus Crucified,
Lead Thou me on…

The cross of Christ is imprinted on the face of all the earth.

To Omran Dagneesh

(Syrian boy pulled from the rubble in Aleppo-2016)

"Lord Jesus Christ, son of God, have mercy on me."

1.
My soul Stretches
To the Infinity
Of your suffering.

2.
My little
Child of God,
Keep your sorrowful eyes
Fixed on
The transcendent beauty
of eternity
Shining forth
from your soul.
Let the radiant
Brightness
Shine in the darkness
That leads to me.

Dear Dennis and family:

"The Tear Drop of Eternity"

My Soul
Clings
To the
Tear Drop
Of Eternity
In joyous
Surrender
To His
Divine Will.

All your selfless acts
(too numerous to mention)
gift me with His presence,
strengthening me with the courage
to both "cling" and to "surrender".

Thank you for the "kiss" of hope
on this dark pilgrim way
leading to the summit of Tabor
and transfigured grace.

Joyce+

Dear Eleanor and Dan,

Blessings on your 50th Anniversary!

The Manger of a Soul

In a moment of prayer,
The instant explodes
Into Eternity:
A Divine Infinity,
In the manger
Of the soul.

Christ,
The Living Flame of love,
Scorches the soul,
With a consuming beauty,
A bright darkness,
Both humble and absolute.

May the light of Christ shine upon always!

Love,

Joyce+

Nov 4 2016

This Fall, I have realized this morning, is significantly different from all others. As I watched the colorful cascade of leaves from the kitchen window, I sensed a finality, a witnessing of a "last time" moment.
A scarlet red leaf swirled downwards. It seemed to me to be a boat carrying His cross into the seas of my soul.
Give me strength, my God, to find joy in the darkness, knowing that in your will is my peace. Why is it so easy to write this and yet so very difficult to believe the truth?
Though my soul is chilled, I must not surrender to a freezing of impulse to Pray for all who suffer far more than I.

The rosary is a
Transcendent garden
That blooms the soul
Into the fragrance
of Eternity
Transfiguring the soul
By the Light of Christ.

Eleanor:
The Splendor of Christ's Light

The Smile in My Soul

Thank you
For the melody
Of light and love
That you smile
In my soul
Each day.

Joyce+

Friday 9/2/16

Suffering creates an altered prism of perspective. There is a transparency and fluidity of things where before the feet of the soul trod on solid paths of stone. It becomes necessary to affirm with each breath the movement towards the eternal and the simultaneous loosening of one's hold on the temporal. This is the trajectory of the soul's hope. It is the movement of the soul that lives in Him, that moves in Him and that has its being in Him alone.

My soul is an open wound
Of the world's pain
To drink prayer
Is a refuge and a remedy.

June 30, 2016
Thursday

When a body is
dragged by the soul
to the zenith of pain,
the eyes of the soul open wide
onto the frontier of eternity.
Then the curtain of mystery
covers each moment
with a transparency of hope.

Dear Eleanor:

"The Tear Drop of Eternity"

My Soul
Clings
To the
Tear Drop
Of Eternity
In joyous
Surrender
To His
Divine Will.

Each day you embrace my soul with His presence giving me the courage to both "cling" and to "surrender".

Thank you for the "kiss" of hope
on this dark pilgrim way
leading to the summit of Tabor
and transfigured grace.

Joyce +

My Dearest Harry,

The lovingkindness of your words are glittering diamonds in the dark caverns of my soul shining through the shadows of the years.

In the scroll
Of your soul
The calligraphy
Of love
Is now writ.
+++
I want not
To smudge
The "ink"
Of your Joy
With the
Fountain of my
Sorrowful tears.

The towering monumental JPII statue was featured in an EWTN special Mass a few years ago. He, of course, was instrumental in the collapse of Communism. The Russian sculptor is the same one that replicated the statue I have of JP.

The motto of his papacy was "totus tuus" i.e.,"all yours". His Marian episcopacy was a living consecration to St. Louis de Montfort's book on the Blessed Mother.

As the Pope who is the witness to suffering and the truths revealed by the way of the cross, he straddles the dimensions of the human experience, temporally and eternally. His apostolic letter, "On the Meaning of Suffering"(Salfici Dolorus), is well worth pondering.

Thank you for the "arrow" of prayer that pierces to the core of my soul and makes the pain less so.

excruciating knots of dystonia. The rigid neck and torso are outcasts in this grotesque theatrical masquerade. ..dizziness conducts all. The "ticket" is pain. Suffering is the only truth of life and reveals the mystery of God.

Perhaps, God willing, there will be moments to share the special adventure of your European hiatus. I much look forward to witness yournew-found delights.

My hand is now most often frozen in a stubborn paralysis—but today His providence has gifted me with a few moments of reprieve—thus allowing my fingers to move haltingly and ever so slowly over the surface of the keys.

I am grateful for the beauty of your "mystical" presence in these trials "along the way".

May you follow after Him and walk in His way..to light, to love, to peace.

Love

Wild violets
bloom
In the
Silence
Of eternity.

There
In the pastures
Of your pain
All things
Are filled with light
Constantly welling forth
In a dizzying motion
And shining
in unruffled calm--
A whirlwind of light
In everlasting motionless.

All things
In the soul
Remain still
And yet
move at
Dizzying speed
Towards some
End without end
Which is itself
A beginning without beginning--
God.

You have exchanged
An earthly home
For a mansion in your soul—
An inner divine kingdom—
Called now to be a
Beacon of Christ
Amidst a world
Of encircling gloom.

+++

My Prayer for You

Under the protection
of the
Shield of St. Michael
May the
Father and Son,
Abiding in Christ,
Strengthen and
Encourage
Them
As they journey
Together
The Emmaus Roads
Of life.

Birthday Blessings to the Father!
Congratulations to the Son, "Officer Par Excellence"!

Blessings and Love
In Christ,

Joyce+

Reconciliation
with Christ
In the silence,
In the stillness
of my soul

+++

The edifice of my life
has suffered
a severe blow
from the least expected
of sources.

Moral integrity
and trustworthiness
have been the pillars
of the interface
between the inner kingdom
of my soul
and the barren, bleak landscape
of the external world
of passing vanities.

For a "priest",
in whom I was intent
on entrusting
with the bare bones
of my soul,
to deem meeting with me alone
for the sacrament of reconciliation
a situation of potential compromise,
is a devastating assault
on the values
that give definition
to my essential identity
as a child of God.

I am attentive
to the inner stirrings
of my soul and,
beyond the banality
of disappointment and hopelessness,
have realized
that the pain wrought
by the theatre of the world
no longer prevails.

I meet Divine Truth
in the silence and stillness of my soul and,
remaining within,
am reconciled with Christ,
the Word that came out of silence.

Please forgive me, Eleanor, for involving you, as intermediary, in this interchange.

Joyce+

A Hesychast Psalter "God Alone"

By Joyce Ann Surman,
Pilgrim

Dear Eleanor:

"The Dust of His Love"

All is swept
With the
Dust of His love.

His cross
teaches my soul
to no longer search
For the dust rag
To wipe
away the sorrows
But to cherish
the dust
as gold.

In the asphyxiation
Of our soul's
deepest yearnings
Is the dust
That is
His love.

Thank you for the gift of your presence,
For your loving radiant smile
And the luminous light
Shining forth from the
Eyes of your soul.

In the Mystery of suffering
There is hidden
the food of our souls:
The truth that is
His Will.

Thank you for the testimony of your faith.
And for partaking of my tears as the tears of He "who wept".

In the grace of Christ's humility,

Joyce+

+++

To Be a Lamp of Christ's Love

O, my Jesus Crucified,
I embrace you
And, fleeing the deceit of life
And its supposed happiness,
Run to you alone,
The Divine Flame in my soul.
Transform my soul
Into a lamp of your love.

+++

To the Stack Family:

In every tragedy
In every suffering
There is
A hidden jewel.

Thank you
For being
My Hidden jewel.

Love and blessings
In Christ,

Joyce

Jan 21, 2017

The soul journeys
in search
of truth and beauty.
Finding it only
In death.

While in this life
The soul dances
On its tombstone
Eclipsing
What is real.

Give me the grace of your presence, my Christ, to discern the true from the false and lead me to you who are my ALL.

God in a Teardrop:

To Frank Alwill

When my soul
Tottered
On the brink
Of the abyss of despair,
And the thorns and thickets
Of fears and terrors
Paved the way
Of my journey forth,
A face appeared,
Clothed in radiant light,
A man of faith:

A man named Frank.

Who sacrificed
to reveal to me
the face of Christ.
In his parting words
My soul was strengthened:
"God will provide".

A tear fell from
The chapel of my soul
That day
And in that tear
Was God—
A little Eucharist
From His
Weeping eyes.

My soul was thus led
To the heart of prayer
In the cargo ship
Of a fragile tear.

Arising
on the pinions
of my soul
I nest now in His cries
And see the universe
Through His eyes.

And in His silence
The flame of grace.

Yours in Christ,

Joyce Surman

To Dennis and Cammy:

A blessed 25th wedding anniversary!

The fruits of
your marriage
extend to all
who are touched
by your generosity
and love.

I am one of those
most grateful
for the "touch"
of your love,

Joyce

June 30, 2016
Thursday

When a body is
dragged by the soul
to the zenith of pain,
the eyes of the soul open wide
onto the frontier of eternity.
Then the curtain of mystery
covers each moment
with a transparency of hope.

6/30/16

Suffering leads
To the purification
Of every desire in life.
The only desire that remains
Is to see the face of God.

Paul Stahl:
"A Life lived in Christ"

A soul
Suspended by
By the thread of time
Hovers
Over the
Abyss
Of eternity.

Paul,
A life lived
In the womb of Christ

Gives birth
To the beauty
Of love
Of faith
Of hope

Offering to all
The grace
Of His presence
The inspiration of His joy

And the confidence
In Eternal Life
Of His promise.

In gratitude for the "threads" of inspiration
That greet my soul in
The envelopes of your love.

Stay healthy/stay safe!

Your friend in Christ,
Joyce

My Noetic Rosary: A Hesychast's Approach

I pray the rosary noetically, i.e., without focusing my intellect on the mysteries before each decade. My prayer moves from discursive meditation to non-discursive contemplation.

My recitation, vocal or silent, emanates from the stillness of my heart.

In this context, my contemplative prayer assumes cosmic effects.

The rosary prayed noetically effects healing and transfiguration beyond the weight of images conjured by the imagination.

At the center of my soul is a point of nothingness—a point of pure truth, a point or spark which belongs entirely to God.

I enter in and see that this little point of nothingness is the pure resplendent beauty of Christ.

The eyes of my soul see a pure diamond blazing with the invisible light of heaven. Here my soul embraces billions of points of light making all the darkness and cruelty of life vanish.

I discover that the Gate of Heaven is everywhere, in everyone and in everything. All transforms into the portal of eternity.

To elevate the prayer beyond the mundane strictures of the day, my soul chants the prayers in Latin rather than the vernacular.
The rosary, prayed noetically, gives my soul wings that flap rhythmically throughout the moments of my night and day.

At times, when my soul ascends to heights beyond compass, my soul rests in the stillness of the ascent, soaring on wings out spread,

upheld aloft by the breath of His presence. This is the wing-spread of His peace.

This way I live in the presence of God and pray without ceasing.

The Eschatology of Suffering

Your question, "Why do believers suffer?" speaks to the heart of the meaning of man's earthly pilgrimage and the mystery of his mortality.

This question has both universal significance, as well as individual application.

Of universal significance one affirms the following proposition:

Suffering is the absolute of human existence; it is the *sine qua non* of human destiny.

A universal equation governs the balance of all earthly endeavors. Wherever suffering is present, love is made manifest and manifold. One posits the unthinkable, but nevertheless not less valid, that if suffering did not exist, there would be an eclipse of love. In this universal context, suffering is the womb of love; it is the gestation of mercy. Christ is the paradigmatic beauty and truth of this reality.

As to the individual application, the presence of suffering possesses a certain phenomenon of impenetrability. Its meaning is hidden in the mystery of Christ's divinity.

Adams' lament (acknowledgement of sin) echoes down the centuries culminating in the redemptive suffering and crucifixion of Christ.

Jeremiah's lamentations pierced by the cognition of the "incurable wound" is the primordial anguish of the human soul thirsting for the redemptive graces of the crucifixion.

When the question, "Why do believers suffer?', is set within the context of the above universal and particular speculations, the availability of clarification is made accessible.

The dictate and admonition of Christ resides in the "Follow me!" exhortation, as well as the "Take up your cross" solicitation. If one affirms the veracity of the "Follow me!" exhortation, one must then ask, "Where to?" The "Where to" is the way of the cross; it is to Golgotha and crucifixion. Through the kenotic self-emptying of the crucifixion, the soul then exalts in the jubilation of the resurrection.

Therefore, a special prerogative of the "believer", the gift of his apostolate, is to follow after Christ in the providential designs established in the mystery of salvific grace.

Thus, to "believe" does not exclude one from the arena of suffering. On the contrary, one suffers to bear authentic witness to the truths of our salvation as mirrored in Christ's passion and resurrection.

Woe to the non-believer when suffering is embroidered on the garment of his reality. The needle of Divine Providence will unequivocally sew a pattern of sorrow now or in the future. One needs patience—suffering will be etched on the face of all, now or then. Some go to Calvary once; some many times in the span of a lifetime.

In reference to Linda's comment that she has never had anyone in her life that approximates the bond that unites our souls, one proposes that she has but did not have "eyes to see or ears to hear." The anguish of that revelation is mitigated when the reality of Christ becomes a transcendent palpability, a personal all-encompassing reality. The bond that unites the soul of a man with Christ is inimitable. It is the one bond that is omnipresent and eternal.

Needless to say, in light of the above commentary, your query about the proximate relationship between believers and suffering provoked nocturnal ruminations.

Suffering and the providential designs of God have been center stage in the theater of my mental compass. Total abandonment to the will of God, amidst afflictions as well as joys, accepted with humility and thanksgiving, is the mystery of Christ's peace—that peace which the world cannot give, the "food" of His will. Let us feast at the banquet of His will and know the sanctifying grace of His Eucharistic presence.

Thank you for blessing my moments with the gift of your sentiments. I am humbled.

Now to try to get up from this chair… I think of Christ's "Rise, let us go!´ His hand is outstretched—uniting the now with eternity.

Love,
Joyce

Follow me
She has never had anyone in her life she can say the same of."
Linda-

St. Faustina,
Pray
For us!

May 13, 2022
Feast of Our Lady Of Fatima

Dear Father Kaz:

I am a seventy-eight-year-old woman, retired English teacher, afflicted with advanced Parkinson's Disease. I am alone and completely homebound. No longer am I able to turn the pages of a book or to hold a book without tremoring. My blurred vision prevents me from reading. Even to write has become an impossibility.

The following is my rule of life:

Daily Mass (live-streamed)
Liturgy of the Hours
Rosary
Chaplet
Meditation on the Diary

To allow me to meditate on St. Faustina's Diary, I listened to the CD's of the Diary day and night (literally!) with the CD player programmed to repeat mode.

Eventually, I was led to write brief "soliloquies" based on entries that fed my soul for the journey each day. An inspiration to write brief soliloquies on the Diary occurred when a friend, looking at the thickness of the Diary, commented that the thickness of the diary was enough to discourage her from ever attempting to read it!

These soliloquies became the spiritual companions of my days. It was as if St. Faustina became the guest of my soul. She dwelled in me and I in her. It was as if she became my other self.

To type these brief soliloquies required extraordinary concentration of my fingers as the tremoring often impelled my fingers to jump erratically from key to key.

These brief soliloquies strengthened me, and at the same time, provided a contemplative dimension to my days. St. Faustina became my faithful companion along my Via Dolorosa.

My intention in sending them to you is that perhaps, in sharing them with another soul in circumstances similar to mine, they may find a companion in St. Faustina and, as a result, find in His tender mercy and love, strength to continue the journey.

There were times when my soul suffered with hers; and times when joy could not be constrained in a mutuality of transcendent prayer.

Though you do not know me and have never met, I feel I do know you from the live-stream Masses from the shrine which I watch daily. I am grateful for the reverence, humility and depth of beauty exhibited.

Tenderly in His mercy and love,

Joyce Surman

Preface

These soliloquies are a solitary soul's meditations on the words of St. Faustina as written in her Diary.

As Parkinson's Disease, more and more, ravaged my body, it was St. Faustina who gave me strength to continue the journey.

I listened to the CDs of the Diary day and night—often all night long with the play mode on repeat.

It is my prayer that these soliloquies will strengthen another soul, suffering and alone, as they did me.

"Fear nothing! I am with you always!
Jesus, I trust in you! Have mercy on me!
Thy will be done, not mine!"